



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

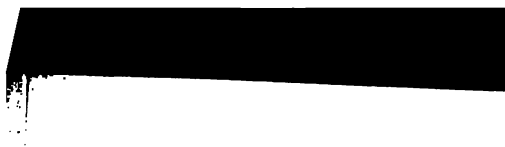
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06819624 9



VEE
GAMMA







2



BLESSED BE DRUDGERY:
AND OTHER PAPERS.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY:

AND OTHER PAPERS.

BY
WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

WITH PREFACE BY
THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

GLASGOW:
DAVID BRYCE AND SON.

1890.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

989057A

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

2

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE,	vii
BLESSED BE DRUDGERY,	1
" I HAD A FRIEND,"	28
A CUP OF COLD WATER,	55
WRESTLING AND BLESSING,	84

1938
FROM C. D. DEC.





PREFACE.

To all of us there come times when we are out of heart with ourselves and with all that goes to make up our lives. Constant worry, endless toil, perpetual disappointments, seem then to be our lot; we feel ourselves unable to cope with the evil without and within, and our belief in the "Love which walketh in Mystery" becomes weak and faint.

We are, perchance, looking back to times when we dreamt how we too might

"Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence, live



Miserable aims that end with self;
 Thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
 stars,
 With their mild persistence, urge man's search
 for issues."

Our Ideals may seem dead and faded and
 out of our reach. The following chapters
 teach us, if even that be so, how we may
 realize our Real," how our Drudgery may
 receive our Blessing, how the Failures, the
 Temptations, which we are
 facing, may prove our best Friends on
 the upward way.

The ennobling influences of powers lying dormant, it may be, in our friendships; the strength, the endurance, the self-sacrifice flowing from true love and tenderness and thought for others; the steadfast loyalty to all that is highest and holiest which is begotten by faithfulness to common duty; the peace of God passing all understanding, which garbisons the hearts and the lives of those who through life and death cling to the Truth as it is revealed to them by the Spirit of Christ; these are the angels shown to us as hovering about the path which once appeared to us so full of thorns.

We cannot read this book without feeling that such angels are not far from every one of our lives, however outwardly poor and small and narrow these may seem. And we must therefore rejoice that it is destined to *exercise its ministry of high thought and*

PREFACE.

imulus on this side of the Atlantic,
s on that to which it owes its birth.

ISHBEL ABERDEEN.

DIGHERA.

March, 1890.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.

I.

Of every two men probably one man thinks he is a drudge, and every second woman at times is *sure* she is. Either we are not doing the thing we would like to do in life; or, in what we do and like, we find so much to dislike, that the rut tires, even when the road runs on the whole a pleasant way. I am going to speak of the *Culture that comes through this very Drudgery.*

"Culture through my drudgery!" some one is now thinking: "This tread-mill that has worn me out, this grind I hate, this plod that, as long ago as I remember it, seemed tiresome, —to this have I owed 'culture'? Keeping house or keeping accounts, tending babies, teaching primary school, weighing sugar and salt at a counter, those blue overalls in the

machine-shop—have these anything to do with 'culture'? Culture takes leisure, elegance, wide margins of time, a pocket-book: drudgery means limitations, coarseness, crowded hours, chronic worry, old clothes, black hands, headaches. Culture implies college: life allows a daily paper, a monthly magazine, the circulating library, and two gift-books at Christmas. Our real and our ideal are not twins: never

this spry, unceasing competition, and would willingly give up a quarter of my profits to have two hours of my daylight to myself—at least I would if, working just as I do, I did not barely get the children bread and clothes. I did not choose my calling, but was dropped into it—by my innocent conceit—or by duty to the family—or by a parent's foolish pride—or by our hasty marriage; or a mere accident wedged me into it. Would I could have my life over again! Then, whatever I *should* be, at least I would *not* be what I am to-day!"

Have I spoken truly for any one here? I know I have. Goes not the grumble thus within the silent breast of many a person, whose pluck never lets it escape to words like these, save now and then of a tired evening to husband or to wife?

There is often truth and justice in the grumble. Truth and justice, both. Still, when the question rises through the grumble, Can it be that this drudgery, not to be escaped, gives "culture"? the true answer is,—Yes, and culture of the prime elements of life; of

the very fundamentals of all fine manhood and fine womanhood.

Our *prime* elements are due to our drudgery, --I mean that literally; the *fundamentals*, that underlie all fineness, and without which no other culture worth the winning is even possible. These, for instance,—and what names are more familiar? Power of attention; power of industry; promptitude in beginning work; method and accuracy and despatch in doing work; perseverance; courage before difficulties; cheer under straining burdens; self-control and self-denial and temperance. These are the prime qualities; these the fundamentals. We have heard these names before! When we were small, Mother had a way of harping on them, and Father joined in emphatically, and the minister used to refer to them in church. And this was what our first employer meant,—only his way of putting the matter was, "Look sharp, my boy!"—"Be on time, John!"—"Stick to it!" *Yes, that is just what they all meant: these are the very qualities which the mothers tried*

to tuck into us when they tucked us into bed, the very qualities which the ministers pack into their platitudes, and which the nations pack into their proverbs. And that goes to *show* that they are the fundamentals. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are very handy, but these fundamentals of a man are handier to have; worth more; worth more than Latin and Greek and French and German and music and art-history and painting and wax flowers and travels in Europe, added together. These last are the decorations of a man or woman: even reading and writing are but conveniences: those other things are the *Indispensables*. They make one's sit-fast strength, and one's active momentum, whatsoever and wheresoever the lot in life be,—be it wealth or poverty, city or country, library or workshop. Those qualities make the solid substance of one's self.

And the question I would ask of myself and you is, How do we get them? How do they become ours? High school and college can give much, but these are never on their *programmes*. All the book-processes that we go

ve no more than oppo-
pensables of education. How, then,
them? We get them somewhat as
and valleys get their grace. Whence
the lines of river and meadow and hill
and shore conspire to-day to make
scape beautiful? Only by long chisel-
d steady pressures. Only by ages of
crush and grind, by scour of floods, by
as of storm and sun. These rounded
ls, and scooped the valley-curves, and
red the soil for meadow-grace. There
tle grace in the operation, had we been
to watch. It was "drudgery" all over
nd. Mother Nature was down on her
scrubbing-work! That

us, the clinch which makes them actually ours, and keeps them ours, and adds to them as the years go by,—that depends on our own plod, our plod in the rut, our drill of habit; in one word, depends upon our “drudgery.” It is because we have to go, and *go*, morning after morning, through rain, through shine, through tooth-ache, head-ache, heart-ache to the appointed spot, and do the appointed work; because, and only because, we have to stick to that work through the eight or ten hours, long after rest would be so sweet; because the school-boy’s lesson must be learnt at nine o’clock and learnt without a slip; because the accounts on the ledger must square to a cent; because the goods must tally exactly with the invoice; because good temper must be kept with children, customers, neighbours, not seven, but seventy times seven times; because the besetting sin must be watched to-day, to-morrow, and the next day; in short, without much matter *what* our work be, whether this or that, it is because and only because, of the *rut, plod, grind, hum-drum* in the work, that

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.

at last get those self-foundations laid of which I spoke,—attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial, and the rest. When I think over that list and seriously ask myself three questions, I have to answer each with *No* :—Are there any qualities in the list which I can afford to spare, to go without, as mere show-qualities? Not one. Can I get these self-foundations laid, save by the weight, in, year out, of the steady pressures? No, —away. Is there a single one in —some degree by —?

We can add right here this fact, and practically it is a very important fact to girls and boys as ambitious as they ought to be,—the higher our ideals, the *more* we need those foundation habits strong. The street-cleaner can better afford to drink and laze than he who would make good shoes; and to make good shoes takes less force of character and brain than to make cures in the sick-room, or laws in the legislature, or children in the nursery. The man who makes the head of a pin or the split of a pen all day long, and the man who must put fresh thought into his work at every stroke,—which of the two more needs the self-control, the method, the accuracy, the power of attention and concentration? Do you sigh for books and leisure and wealth? It takes more “concentration” to use books—head-tools—well than to use hand-tools. It takes more “self-control” to use leisure well than work-days. Compare the Sundays and Mondays of your city; which day, all things considered, stands for the city’s higher life,—the day on which so many men are lolling, or

the day on which all toil? It takes more knowledge, more integrity, more justice, to handle riches well than to bear the healthy pinch of the just-enough.

Do you think that the great and famous escape drudgery? The native power and temperament, the outfit and capital at birth, count for much, but it convicts us common minds of huge mistake to hear the uniform testimony of the more successful geniuses about

How simple great men's rules are! How easy it is to be a great man! Order, diligence, patience, honesty,—just what you and I must use in order to put our dollar in the savings-bank, to do our school-boy sum, to keep the farm thrifty, and the house clean, and the babies neat. Order, diligence, patience, honesty! There is wide difference between men, but truly it lies less in some special gift or opportunity granted to one and withheld from another than in the differing degree in which these common elements of human power are owned and used. Not how much talent have I, but how much will to use the talent that I have, is the main question. Not how much do I know, but how much do I do with what I know? To do their great work the great ones need more of the very same habits which the little ones need to do their smaller work. Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, Jesus, share, not achievements, but conditions of achievement, with you and me. And those conditions for them, as for us, are largely the plod, the drill, the long disciplines of toil. If we ask such

we lay the firm substrate of ourselves
way, then, and only in this way; and
the higher we aim, the more, and not the
need these firm substrata,—since this
think we ought to make up our minds
our mouths to sing a hallelujah unto
ry: *Blessed be Drudgery*,—the one
that we cannot spare!

II.

there is something else to be said.
the people who are drudges, there are
who have given up their dreams of what,
younger, they used to talk or think about

we cannot win the well-beloved one, then success with the ill-beloved,—this at least is left to hope for. Success may make *it* well-beloved, too,—who knows? Well, the secret of this Success still lies in the same old word, “Drudgery.” For drudgery is the doing of one thing, one thing, one thing, long after it ceases to be amusing; and it is this “one thing I do” that gathers me together from my chaos, that concentrates me from possibilities to powers, and turns powers into achievements. “One thing I do,” said Paul, and, apart from what his one thing was, in that phrase he gave the watchword of salvation. That whole long string of habits,—attention, method, patience, self-control, and the others,—can be rolled up and balled, as it were, in the word “concentration.” We will halt a moment at the word:—

“I give you the end of a golden string:

Only wind it into a ball,—

It will lead you in at Heaven’s gate

Built in Jerusalem’s wall.”

Men may be divided into two classes,—those who have a “one thing,” and those who have

no "one thing," to do; those with aim, and those without aim, in their lives: and practically it turns out that almost all of the success, and therefore the greater part of the happiness, go to the first class. The aim in life is what the back-bone is in the body: without it we are invertebrate, belong to some lower order of being not yet man. No wonder that the great question therefore with a young man is, What am I to be? and that the future looks rather gloomy until the life-path opens. The lot of many a girl, especially of many a girl with a rich father, is a tragedy of aimlessness. Social standards, and her lack of true ideals and of real education, have condemned her to be frittered: from twelve years old she is a cripple to be pitied, and by thirty she comes to know it. With the brothers the blame is more their own. The boys we used to play our school-games with have found their places; they are winning homes and influence and money, their natures are growing strong and shapely, and their days are filling with the happy sense of accomplishment,—while *we* do not yet know what we are.

We have no meaning on the earth. Lose us, and the earth has lost nothing; no niche is empty, no force has ceased to play, for we have got no aim and therefore we are still—nobody. *Get your meaning*, first of all! Ask the question until it is answered past question, What am I? What do I stand for? What name do I bear in the register of forces? In our national cemeteries there are rows on rows of unknown bodies of our soldiers,—men who did a work and put a meaning to their lives; for the mother and the townsmen say, "He died in the war." But the men and women whose lives are aimless, reverse their fate. Our *bodies* are known, and answer in this world to such or such a name,—but as to our inner *selves*, with real and awful meaning our walking bodies might be labelled, "An unknown man sleeps here!"

Now since it is concentration that prevents this tragedy of failure, and since this concentration always involves Drudgery, long, hard, abundant, we have to own again, I think, that that is even more than what I called it *first*,—our chief school-master; besides that,

Drudgery is the gray Angel of Success. The main secret of any success we may hope to rejoice in, is in that angel's keeping. Look at the leaders in the professions, the "solid" men in business, the master-workmen who begin as poor boys and end by building a town in which to house their factory-hands; they are drudges of the single aim. The man of science, and to-day more than ever, if he would add to the world's knowledge or even get a reputation, must be, in some one branch at least, a plodding specialist. The great inventors, Palissy at his pots, Goodyear at his rubber, Elias Howe at his sewing-machine, tell the secret,—“One thing I do.” The reformer's secret is the same. A one-eyed, grim-jawed folk the reformers are apt to be: one-eyed, grim-jawed, seeing but the one thing, never letting go, they have to be to start a torpid nation. All these men as doers of the single thing drudge their way to their success. Even so must we, would we win ours. The foot-loose man is *not* the enviable man. A wise man will be his own necessity and bind himself to a task,

if by early wealth or foolish parents or other lowering circumstances he has lost the help of an outward necessity. Dale Owen in his autobiography told the story of a foot-loose man, ruined by his happy circumstances. It was his father's friend, one born to princely fortune, educated with the best, married happily, with children growing up around him. All that health and wealth and leisure and taste could give were his. Robert Owen, an incessant worker, once went to spend a rare rest-moment with him at his country-seat, one of the great English parks. To the tired man, who had earned the peace, the quiet days seemed perfect, and at last he said to his host, "I have been thinking that, if I ever met a man who had nothing to desire, you must be he: are you not completely happy?" The answer came: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly I have paid for it! I started in life without an object, almost without an ambition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse

that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. I ought to have created for myself some definite pursuit, no matter what, so that there would be something to labour for and to overcome. Then I might have been happy." Said Owen to him, "Come and spend a month with me at Braxfield. You have a larger share in the mills than any of us partners. Come and see for yourself what has been done for the work-people there and for their children; and give me your aid." "It is too late," was the reply; "the power is gone. Habits are become chains. *You* can work and do good; but for *me*,—in all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life."—And he had only one life in this world to lose.

Again then, I say, Let us sing a hallelujah and make a fresh beatitude: *Blessed be Drudgery!* It is the one thing we cannot spare.

III.

This is a hard gospel, is it not? But now there is a pleasanter word to briefly say. To lay the firm foundations in ourselves, or even to win success in life, we *must* be drudges. But we *can* be *artists*, also, in our daily task. And at that word things brighten.

"Artists," I say—not artisans. "The difference?" This: the artist is he who strives to perfect his work; the artisan strives to get through it. The artist would fain finish, too; but with him it is to "finish the work God has given me to do!" It is not how great a thing we do, but how well we do the thing we have to, that puts us in the noble brotherhood of artists. My Real is not my Ideal,—is that my complaint? One thing at least is in my power: if I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least *idealize my Real*. How? By trying to be perfect in it. If I am but a rain-drop in a shower, I will be at least a perfect drop; if but a leaf in a whole June, I will be at least a perfect leaf. This poor "one thing I do,"

lty to its demand.

n artist himself shall speak. It was hael Angelo who said, "Nothing makes soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavour create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it strives for something that is God-like. True painting is an image of God's perfection,—a shadow the pencil with which he paints, a melody, giving after harmony." The great masters music, the great masters in all that we call stry, would echo Michael Angelo in this; speaks the artist-essence out. But what is good upon their grand scale and with e whose names are known, holds equally

promptly, "Six years, and then you must travel." That cobbler had the artist-soul. I told a friend the story, and he asked his cobbler the same question, How long does it take to become a good shoemaker? "All your life, sir." That was still better,—a Michael Angelo of shoes! Mr. Maydole, the hammer maker of Central New York, was an artist: "Yes," said he to Mr. Paton, "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the answer, "I *never* made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States." Daniel Morell, once president of the Cambria Rail Works in Pittsburg, which employed seven thousand men, was an artist, and trained artists. "What is the secret of such a development of business as this?" asked the visitor. "We have no secret," was the answer; "we always try to beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we have, and we don't care who knows it." The Paris bookbinder was an

artist, who, when the rare volume of Corneille, discovered in a book-stall, was brought to him, and he was asked how long it would take him to bind it, answered, "Oh, sir, you must give me a year at least; *this* needs all my care." Our Ben Franklin showed the artist, when he began his own epitaph, "Benjamin Franklin, printer." And Professor Agassiz, when he told the interviewer that he had "no time to make money"; and when he began his will, "I, Louis Agassiz, teacher."

In one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre he shows us the interior of a convent kitchen; and doing the work there are, not mortals in aprons, but beautiful white-winged angels. The water is boiling, and the fire is to boil.

with such a will, and so refining the work as they do it, that somehow you forget that pans are pans and pots pots, and only think of the angels, and how very natural and beautiful kitchen work is—just what the angels would do, of course.

It is the angel-aim and standard in an act that consecrates it. He who aims for perfectness in a trifle is trying to do that trifle holily. The *trier* wears the halo, and therefore the halo grows as quickly round the brows of peasant as of king. This aspiration to do perfectly,—is it not religion practicalized? If we use the name of God, is this not God's presence becoming actor in us? No need, then, of being "great" to share that aspiration and that presence. The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean. Even so the humblest man or woman can live splendidly! That is the royal truth that we need to believe, you and I who have no "mission," and no great sphere to move in. The universe

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.

not quite complete without *my* work well
me. Have you ever read George Eliot's
poem called "Stradivarius"? Stradivarius
was the famous old violin maker, whose violins,
nearly two centuries old, are almost worth
their weight in gold to-day. Says Stradivarius
in the poem,—

"If my hand slacked,
I should rob God—since He is fullest good,—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio."

That is just as true of us as of our greatest
brothers. What, stand with slackened hands
and fallen heart before the littleness of your
little is it to be perfect in it?
— master, risk a

hand just where *we* are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavour to do that work perfectly.

But to bend this talk back to the word with which we started: will this striving for perfection in the little thing give "culture"? Have you ever watched such striving in operation? Have you never met humble men and women who read little, who knew little, yet who had a certain fascination as of fineness lurking about them? Know them, and you are likely to find them persons who have put so much thought and honesty and conscientious trying into their common work—it may be sweeping rooms, or planing boards, or painting walls—have put their ideals so long, so constantly, so lovingly into that common work of theirs, that finally these qualities have come to permeate not their work only, but so much of their being, that they are fine-fibred within even if on the outside the rough bark clings. Without being schooled, they are apt to instinctively detect a *sham*—one test of culture. Without haunting

the drawing-rooms, they are likely to have manners of quaint grace and graciousness—another test of culture. Without the singing lessons; their tones are apt to be gentle—another test of culture. Without knowing anything about Art, so-called, they know and love the best in *one* thing—are artists in their own little specialty of work. They make good company, these men and women—why? Because, not having been able to realize their Ideal, they have idealized their Real, and thus in the depths of their nature have won true “culture.”

You know all beatitudes are based on something hard to do or to be. “Blessed are the meek”; is it easy to be meek? “Blessed are the pure in heart”; is that so very easy? “Blessed are they who mourn.” “Blessed are they who hunger and thirst—who *starve*—after righteousness.” So this new beatitude by its hardness only falls into line with all the rest. A third time, and heartily, I say *it*—“*Blessed be Drudgery!*” For thrice *it blesses us: it gives us the fundamental*

qualities of manhood and womanhood ; it gives us success in the thing we have to do ; and it makes us, if we choose, artists—artists within, whatever our outward work may be. *Blessed be Drudgery*,—the secret of all culture !

"I HAD A FRIEND."

OUR Bible is a book of *lives*. It is a book of men praying rather than a book of prayer, of men believing rather than a book of beliefs, of men sinning and repenting and righting themselves rather than a book of ethics. It is a book, too, of men *loving*: it is full of faces turned towards faces. As in the procession-pictures frescoed on rich old walls, the well-known men and women come trooping through its pages in twos and threes, or in little bands of which we recognize the central figure, and take the others to be those unknown friends immortalized by just one mention in this book. Adam always strays with Eve along the foot-paths of our fancy. Abram walks with Sarah, Rebecca at the well suggests the Isaac waiting *somewhere*, and Rachel's presence pledges *Jacob's not far off*. Two brothers and a sister

together lead Israel out from Egypt. Here come Ruth and Naomi, and there go David and Jonathan. Job sits in his ashes forlorn enough, but not for want of comforters,—we can hardly see Job for his friends. One whole book in the Old Testament is a love-song about an eastern king and one of his dusky brides; although, to keep the Bible biblical, our modern chapter-headings call the Song of Solomon a prophecy of the love of the Christian Church for Christ. Some persons have wished the book away, but a wise man said the Bible would have lacked, had it not held somewhere in its pages a human love-song. True, the prophets seem to wander solitary,—prophets usually do; yet though we seldom see their ancient audience, they doubtless had one. Minstrels and preachers always presuppose the faces of a congregation.

But as we step from Old Testament to New, again we hear the buzz of little companies. We follow Jesus in and out of homes; children cluster about His feet; women love Him; a dozen men leave net and plough to bind to His

... of many friends. No spot in all the Bible quite so overcoming as that garden-scene ere the brave, lonely sufferer comes back, through the darkness under the olive-trees, to the three chosen hearts, within a stone's throw of His heart-break,—to find them fast asleep! Once before, in that uplifted hour from which we call off he descended Gethsemane,—we call it the "Transfiguration,"—we read of those three friends asleep. The human loneliness of that soul in the garden as He paused at Peter's side,—“You! could *you* not watch with me one hour?”—and turned back into the darkness, and into God! Then came the hour in which another of His twelve be-

Jesus gone, we see the other hero of the New Testament starting off on missionary journeys; but Barnabas or Mark or Silas or Timothy is with him. The glowing postscripts of his letters tell how many hearts Paul loved, and how much he loved them, and how many hearts loved him. What a *comrade* he must have been,—the man who dictated the thirteenth of Corinthians! What a hand-grasp in his favourite phrases—"fellow-labourers," "*fellow-soldiers*," "*fellow-prisoners*"! We wonder who the men and women were he names,—“Luke the well-beloved physician,” and “Zenas the lawyer,” and “Tryphena and Tryphosa,” and “Stachys my beloved.” Just hear him send his love to some of these friends: it is the end of what in solemn phrase we call the Epistle to the Romans,—what Paul would perhaps have called “the letter I sent the dear souls in that little church in Rome”:—

“I commend unto you Phebe, our sister, that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you” (help that woman!) for *she*

hath been a succourer of many, and of myself, too. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labour on us. Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen and my fellow-prisoners. Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord. Salute Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord, and the beloved Persis, and Rufus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and *mine*." And so on.

"His mother—his and mine": no doubt

from all the Marys and Lukes and Pauls of the Roman Empire to be enshrined in a Bible postscript, and guessed about eighteen hundred years afterwards,—because Paul had once sent his love to us in a letter! I would far rather spare some of the words in which he tells us his thought of the Christ and the Church than those names that huddle at his letter-ends. They make the Epistles real letters, such as we mailed yesterday. They bring Paul down out of his Bible niche, and forward out of the magnificent distance of a Bible character, and make him just "Paul," alive and lovable; a man to whom our hearts warm still, because his own heart was so warm that men fell on his neck and kissed him when he told them they should see his face no more.

So much for the friendships of the Bible. Now for our own as sacred.

It is happiness to have some one "glad you are alive." No wonder that poor girls take their lives when they come to feel that not one face lights up because they are in the world,

"I HAD A FRIEND."

...d be shadowed if they left it. We who
...e friends know how much of all earth's
...to us lies in certain eyes and faces,
...n voices, certain hands. Fifty persons,
...erhaps but five, make the wide world popu-
...s for us, and living in it beautiful. The
...ringtimes and the sunsets, and all things
...and and sweet besides, are at their grandest
...and their sweetest when serving as locality
...and circumstance to love. The hours of our
...day are really timed by sounds of coming feet:
...if you doubt it, wait till the feet have ceased to
...the street and up the stair. Our
...is the day which brings
...real June and
...times;

So Mother Nature has seen to it for the most of us that, at least upon arrival here, we shall be wanted. She sends the wee ones into the world so wondrously attractive that we get more worship than than ever afterwards, when it might do us harm. We are prayed for before we come, we are thanked for with the family's thanksgiving at our advent, a mother's sense of motherhood and a father's sense of fatherhood have been begotten to prepare self-sacrifices for us: all this by way of welcome. In one word, we are "wanted" in the world when we reach it. "No entrance here except on business," true; but the babies *have* the business,—who so much? Very pitiful are the young lives for whom these pre-arrangements of love fail.

But soon our helplessness is past, and what ought to be the period of our helpfulness has come; and then is there anything that we can do to make that title "Wanted" sure? Is there any *recipe* for winning friends? In old Rome young men and maidens used to drink love potions and wear charms to eke out their

winsomeness: in this modern time is there any potion, any charm, for friend-making? The question is worth asking, for it is no low ambition to wish to be desired in the world, no low endeavour to deliberately try to be love-worthy. Wise father he—"the Lord's chore-boy" one called him,—the sunny-faced old Abolitionist, who brought his children up to know that "the one thing worth living for is to love and to be loved." But as to recipes for lovableness, the young soul in its romance laughs to scorn so kitchen-like a question. And right to laugh the young soul is; for much in the business passeth recipe. We speak of "choosing" friends, of "making" friends, of "keeping" or of "giving up" friends: and if

the contact *happens*, something higher than our will chooses for us. Foreordination then comes in. "Matches *are* made in heaven," and before the foundation of the world our friendships are arranged. "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me," we feel of those whom we love best—borrowing words which, it is said again, Jesus used of His disciple-friends. Nothing supernatural in this; but it is so supremely natural, the secret of it roots so deep in the heart of Nature, that it passeth understanding. We cannot cross the laws of attraction and repulsion; can only attract and be attracted, repel and be repelled, according to those laws. There is in Nature a great deal of that phenomenon called "love-at-sight." Whoever wrote it truly wrote,—

"Thou shalt know him, when he comes,
Not by any din of drums,
Nor the vantage of his airs;
Neither by his crown,
Nor his gown,
Nor by anything he wears :

He shall only well known be
By the holy harmony
That his coming makes in thee ! "

And, on the other hand, there is in Nature
that opposite experience of which Dr. Fell is
the typical victim :—

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well—
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

How often we have seen the poor doctor!
How often we have *been* the poor doctor! And
though we smile, we ache for him. It is
tragedy — this one-sidedness of friendship,
these unequal gravitations of love! But what
makes gravitation? The men of science can-
not tell us. "Fascination" is soul gravitation.
"Personal magnetism" we sometimes call it,
using another word to hide our ignorance, and
meaning the sum of all the mysterious centri-
petal forces that lodge in us and all radiations
of health and beauty that go out from us. It
lies in the glancing of the eye, in the fitting of

the smile, in the toning of the voice, in the poise of the figure, in the grace of the motion. Nearly all have more or less of it; but some how enviably the more, and others how lamentably the less! Some persons make more friends as they come into the room, or as they walk down the street, or as they smile their greeting, than others of us can hope to make with long and solid service.

But grant all this, still our young lover is but *half-right* in laughing at a recipe for love. We know no cause of gravitation, but we can study its laws and apply it in a thousand forms of civilizing work; and whatever can be studied in its laws is subject for a science, wherever laws can be applied is subject for an art. So is it with soul-gravitation. There is then both a science and an art of Friendship. Besides that mystic element in it so hard to be accounted for, so hard to be acquired, there is a moral element in it which is an open secret, and this can be acquired. Indeed, so far as it is true that "beauty is the flowering of virtue," that mystic element is moral, too.

Hidden in the "virtue" of the ancestors may lie the source of all the alien grace, sometimes so visibly divorced from virtue in the children; and given time enough—say, generations, centuries—perhaps there is no limit to the outward fascination which may be earned and won. Be that as it may, so sure and large is this moral element in love that by it one can go far to "make" friends, after all. If we choose to be, we *can* be "wanted" in this world. In a deep and worthy sense old Ovid, he who wrote the poem on the "Art of Loving," might be imitated. And when you write your poem on that subject, you will without fail put into it one hint, that friendships based on the mystic surface-fascinations are the kind so apt to end in tragedies of waning and of broken love; whereas the attractiveness which can be acquired makes basis for the friendships apt to solidly endure.

We must stop right here a moment; for different persons mean such different things by "Friendship." The one who uses the

sacred word most easily is the one least likely to know much about the sacred thing. Some people know every one they speak of so very well indeed! "Oh yes, an intimate friend of mine," they say, when you ask if they have ever met A or B. They *have* met him. One may well hesitate to answer Yes even to the common question, "Do you know such or such a person?" Know him? I have seen him six times, I travelled with him half a day, once I had a long argument with him, he told me stories of his childhood and we discovered that four generations back we would have been first cousins,—but do I *know* him? No. I have an opinion whether I like him or not, whether he has common-sense or not, perhaps whether I would trust him or not; but I do not *know* that man. Much more is it in place to be modest about claiming him as friend.

Even speaking carefully, every one has at least two meanings for our sacred word. Each of us is ringed about by two circles, both commonly called "friends." The outer circle is the circle of our Likers, the inner is the circle

of our Lovers. The main secret of having Likers lies in *justice carried to the point of kindness and courtesy*. Justice carried to the point of kindness and courtesy commands the good word when people talk of us behind our back; it commands the hearty greeting when we ring the bell; it commands the true "I'm glad to see you" in the eyes as well as voice; it commands the excuse in our behalf when some one dwells upon our faults with overemphasis, and defence when people misinterpret and misrepresent us. Now justice carried to the point of courtesy and kindness is acquirable. The recipe for making Likers calls for no rare material: all I need lies right before me and around me in the opportunities of doing truthful, just, kind things by those

February. As one does his business he makes his Liker. There is no place nor time nor way of making him save as we go the rounds of common living; for by the common deeds of the common life we all test likings. What is more, the recipe never wholly fails. Try it faithfully and it is *sure* to bring us Likers. It is worth repeating to ourselves and emphasizing,—If we really wish to be, we *can* be "wanted" in the world; and the ambition to be wanted here is a worthy one; and the effort to be wanted nurtures in us that quick courtesy and instinctive kindliness that flower out from an unfailing justice.

But now to turn from our Likers to our Lovers. The conditions here are harder, and therefore the culture gained in meeting the conditions is proportionately higher. Come with me to that inner circle that only holds he lives knit up with ours by a thousand crossing ties, and where we say with a yearning and exultation so different from anything felt in outer meanings of the words, "*My friends!*"

And some of us are thinking of an inmost centre where we never use the plural; are thinking that the truest friendship casts out all but two together and, for the time at least, crowns him or her alone *the* friend. We feel as if we had achieved our life's success in that one winning, and say with Robert Browning,—

"I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree :
So grew my own small life complete
As Nature obtained her best of me,—
One born to love *you* !"

Be it so : but even then it is true to say that the secret is largely a moral secret. Nay, *more* true of such love than of any other to say that it is goodness which attracts. Luckily for

true friend one must love Truth and Right better than he loves that friend. To win a true friend, you and I must love Truth and Right better than that friend, however dear. This involves another of love's tragedies, for, by this rule, wherever there is noble friendship there is always possibility of its waning; although, at the time, to believe that waning possible is impossible. But the relation to be vital must be fresh each day. If there were not a new demand made by me on my friend and made upon me by my friend each time we met, a new demand to be then and there worth loving, half the charm would be gone. It is the heart mine, yet mine only by fresh necessity of winning it by nobleness—it is my heart his, yet his by an ever fresh necessity of giving it to him for his worth's sake,—that makes the dearness so ineffable. In order then to be "friends" in this high sense, we must be ever ready to be renounced if we persist in a deliberate No before a duty, must be ever ready to renounce if *he* persists in such a No. It is not that the two must take the same idea of duty,

or that, when one fails to do his duty, he falls from all regard; but that, when he so fails, he falls as if by fate out of that chosen place of which we have been speaking. The man is there, and, as we use the words, a good man still; as we use words, is still "our friend"; perhaps he even falls into a tenderer place than ever; but it is the tenderness of pity now, no more a tenderness of reverence. The short and simple fact is, *our* man, *our* woman, has vanished: we have lost that ideal made real which we had been calling "friend." We cannot, if we would, feel to him as we did before. No heart-labour can put him where

though Launcelot be the name of husband or of brother!

Does it seem strange to say it? Here in this possibility of tragedy lies the ennobling power of love. From the sureness of losing it if undeserved comes compulsion to deserve it. We feel that our friendship with John or with Ellen is our highest title of honour, our patent of nobility, and sit ever in a sense of glad amaze that we can call such superiority, "My friend." There can be no consciously hidden weakness in us and we be safe in their affection. Perfect love casteth out fear, but only by having revealed everything that maketh fear. To discover, after a year's close friendship, a concealed meanness in me, would, as meanness, degrade me in your eyes, but as concealed from you it would be treachery. So we dare not come to the point when the one we love shall think of us, "He is a lower kind of man," or "She is a lower kind of woman, than I imagined." If liked as much after that discovery as before, for such loyalty to us rather than to Right, our love for them would

actually grow less. The surprises of friendship—and how exquisite they are!—ought only to be of unsuspected excellences. But what woe, when one whom we have wholly trusted reels! If this embodiment of honour, truth, and kindness reels and falls before our eyes, we have lost more than friend: for that moment we have lost our vision of God! Goodness seems emptiness, and the very planet jars! We can understand the story told of Pascal, that once when Arnauld seemed to prefer *peace* to *truth*, the shock to Pascal was so great that he fainted away.

Hence there must needs be undimmed sincerity, and humility even to confession, in every exalting love. Almost we have to say—

"Have I a lover
Who is noble and free,
I would he were nobler
Than to love *me*!"

And we know so well the truth of Emerson's other word, that "in the last analysis love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness

from other men"—know that so well that, in a half-fear lest we should gain under false pretenses the love we crave, we are impelled to exaggerate our poorness. "Love me, love my dog," says the proverb: "Love me, love the dog in me!" says friendship. Love me as I am, poor as I am, *know* me and yet love me!

Among all ennobling forces therefore hardly any other can be named so strong as an inmost Friendship. As the special culture which the winning of our Likers gives is that of quick, wide kindliness, the special culture which the winning of our Lovers gives is that of purity, sincerity, humility, selflessness, and the high standard for all honourable qualities. That says it,—the high standard for all honourable qualities: to win and hold a friend we are compelled to keep ourselves at his ideal point, and in turn our love makes on him the same appeal. Each insists on his right in the other to an ideal. All around the circle of our best beloved it is this idealizing that gives to love its beauty and its pain and its mighty leverage on character. Its beauty, because that ideal-

izing is the secret of love's glow. Its pain, because that idealizing makes the constant peril of love's vanishing. Its leverage to uplift character, because this same idealizing is a constant challenge between every two, compelling each to be his best. "What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley: "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "*I had a friend.*" The reverence this implies borders closely upon worship and the ennoblement that comes of that. What the dying Bunsen said, as he looked up in the eyes of his wife bending over him, "In thy face have I seen the Eternal!" is the thought of many a heart before its best beloved. That beloved is our "beautiful enemy," in Emerson's phrase; our "dear dread," as some older writer called him; our outside conscience, a kind of Jesus-presence before which we fear to do a wrong. What rare power to awake power in her friends and to set them as it were in an invisible church, this sentence attests in Margaret Fuller: "I have no doubt that she saw expressions, heard

tones, and received thoughts from her companions, which no one else ever saw or heard from the same persons." Somewhere in her "Middlemarch" George Eliot puts it well: "There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us; and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the invisible altar of trust."

With Friendship meaning so much, capable of doing so much, do we lower or rather dignify the relation of father and mother to the child, of sister to brother, of husband to wife, when we say, "Those two are each other's best friend"? In between the common likings of society and the heart's-one-choice comes that whole choir of family affections. The father keeps the boy his son by making him, when young, his friend. As the years run by, the sister keeps the brother, the brother keeps the sister, in love, less by the blood-tie than by the words and works and trusts of friendship. And in the marriage itself the early love must

ripen into close, abiding, inmost friendship. The happiest marriages take place gradually and go on deepening all through the life together. Hardly are they begun when the presents and congratulations come, and the minister says "Until death do you two part."

And for the many who can never love the one, or who, loving, are not loved *as* the one; who

"May not make this world a Paradise
By walking it together hand in hand,
With eyes that, meeting, find a double
strength,"—

for them the great solace, the great elevation, is to love lovableness—love it in all—be it to all. This is really the *end* of all the single and personal affections,—this is the end even of wedded love. You may have skipped that stage, you may have lost that usual path; but still may find the hill-top *for* which that path is.

A friend has many functions. He comes as the Brightener into our life to double joys and halve our griefs. He comes as the Counsellor

to give wisdom to our plans. He comes as the Strengtheners to multiply our opportunities and be hands and feet for us in our absence. But, above all use like this, he comes as our Re-buker to explain our failures and shame us from our lowness; as our Purifier, our Uplifter, our Ideal, whose life to us is a constant challenge in our heart, "Friend, come up higher, —higher along with me; that you and I may be those true lovers who are nearest to God when nearest to each other!"

But when such a friend as this—it may be the one called Father, Husband, Brother, or Mother, Sister, Wife, or simply, Friend—when such a friend as this does, as we say, go nearer to God, becoming invisible to us, it is wonderful to feel Death growing beautiful, the unseen world becoming real, and God's goodness seeming good as never before. It is that vanished one who changes all things so for us, *by adding his goodness to the unseen side of things*. Noble friends—only the noble probably—have power to leave us this bequest; power to bequeath us a sense of God more real and good, a sense of

incomplete with some of the features
of sight.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

"WHOSOEVER shall give one of these little ones a cup of cold water only . . . shall in no wise lose his reward," said Jesus. There could not well be a simpler act, a smaller service, than that; not one you would sooner do for those whom you do not like, or sooner ask from those who do not like you. Many a time, as Jesus walked the roads of Galilee, He must have stopped at the door of a stone hut, or rested by a village spring, and asked for a drink of water, just as we do in our country tramps. And some mother turned at the words, caught the look in the earnest eyes, and set down her child to bring the cup; or some man, hailed at his plough across the field, pointed to the kid-skin bottle under the bush and told the stranger to help Himself. No one would deny it. Bread may be doubt-

ful, but bubbling fountains, pouring rivers, shining lakes are cups so plentiful that few ever add to the prayer for bread, "Give us this day our daily water." So this Teacher chose a cup of cold water as His emblem of small service, when He wanted to say that not the slightest deed that is meant for good gets lost and goes uncounted. The deed is appraised by its aim. He who offers the cup to the disciple *as* disciple offers it to the Teacher, and he who offers it to the Teacher *as* Teacher offers it to Him who sends the Teacher; and God takes notice, and the giver shall in no wise lose reward. So said Jesus; and He spoke the thought again in His "Judgment" parable. Thrown out of concrete into broad impersonal phrase, the thought is that the smallest kindness to the humblest creature belongs to the great economy that we call Providence; that then and there the laws of moral cause and effect begin to act; so that some way or other full recompense for that small deed is sure.

It is a mighty faith! It is one of the words

that show how deep-natured Jesus was, how keen His spiritual insight. Not a sparrow falls without the Father, not a hair eludes His census, not a drink of water is forgotten. You and I echo the words; can you and I echo the faith? But not of the faith, nor of the law of recompense that holds good of a drink of water, will we think just now,—only of the Cup-Offerings themselves, that is, of little acts of thoughtfulness for one another.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all that makes it “beautiful to be alive” consists in cup-offerings of water. Not an hour of life’s journey but is rendered easier by their freshening or harder by their absence. Why? Because most of us are burden-bearers of one sort or another; because to most of us a large part of the journey is a dull and trivial trudge; because there is much dust upon the road, and—not so many bad places as probably we think—yet many common-places: and it is load and dust and stretches of the commonplace that make one thirsty. If the feeling

it on Mondays, -- in some good cause not our own," we were marching singing to a battle, and on Saturdays were coming back victorious, then the greetings on the way would make less difference to us. But as it is, we crave the roadside recognitions which give praise for the good deed attempted, pity for the hard luck and the fall, a hand-lift now and then to ease the burden's chafe, and now and then a word of sympathy in the step-step-stepping that takes us through the dust. And this is all that most of us can wait to give, for we too are here on business. You cannot step my journey for me, cannot carry me on your back, cannot do me any great service; but it makes a world of difference to me whether I do my part in the world with or without these little helps which fellow-travellers can exchange. "I am here, I have, and can't help it," said

occasions. The old Quaker was right: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do to my fellow-beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once."

"An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak
But whose echo is endless, —
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but *they are all!*"

"A cup of cold water only." One must not forget, when handing it, that the cup is one thing, the water quite another. Tin dipper or silver goblet is all one provided we are thirsty and the water good. So the cup I speak of need be no shining deed of service, need be no deed at all; it is far oftener only a word, or the tone in a word, or the smile with a word. That word or tone or smile is the cup,—what is the *water*? Your heart's sympathy. The fact that you are thinking a kind thought of me—you of me—is the refreshment. That is what sends me on the road with the coolness felt

with a gleam.
and them may mean a u
ing than another's lifted hav
ning!" may be tendered so respectfully,
d you drop it at the next step as you drop a
oy's handbill on the street, hardly conscious you
have held it; or it may come tossed to you,
but with something in the face behind the toss
that really makes the next few moments of the
morning good. I can do you a great favour in
such a way that you shall half-hate me and
my favour: you can accept from me a favour
in such wise that I shall feel as though I had
been crowned!

Therefore there are many fine cups passed
about that hold no water at all, or very little
cups really made for bric-à-brac, not serving
empty goblets of fashion and etiquette;

tumblers which we actors hand about momentarily,—but with no possibility of spilling. Three common kinds of courtesy can make small claim to be “cups of cold water.” First and worst is the politeness deliberately adopted to serve self-interest; politeness by which we try to climb into people’s esteem, intent upon their hen-roosts. In such courtesy it is of course we ourselves who drink the water, while going through all the motions of the Good Samaritan. Next and more innocent comes the conventional hat-and-glove and call-and-card politeness, so much more common East than West, and in Europe than America; whose absence, like a wrong accent, betrays the untrained American abroad. This is the realm of Etiquette, and Fashion queens it there. Many of the customs she imposes are harmless enough, though staling all the freshness of one’s manners; but many are dwarf-lies which *taint* the manner, until at last no sympathy that we can offer has the natural sparkle of sincerity. A third kind of courtesy, better far than this, but with little

every one: a geniality that carries thoughtfulness, little delicacy, little reserve and no self-sacrifice; the manner without heart of sympathy. It is soon understood. Of this sort we see more in America than in England, more West than East.

And, in justice, let us say of this last that it is good as far as it goes. It is not to slander the politeness of the surface. That second kind has use as a preventive. It is like the one policeman in the village, the only one, but he diffuses an immense protection! It watches between neighbours, arresting little invasions of each other's territory, which, if not arrested, would so

small guarantee that the cup of water will be offered to the *little ones*, and still less that it will be offered when oneself is thirsty.

But it is those "little ones" that give Jesus' saying its point. "Whoso shall give one of these *little ones* a cup"; that takes the real sympathy, the real self-forgetting. And where three or four are gathered together in any relation of life whatever, there is almost sure to be a "little one" with reference to the other, one not so bright as they, not so winsome, not so able to hold his own. When but two meet, one is apt to be a little, the other a big one. And though to change the circumstances of the meeting is quite possibly to exchange the sizes, so that the little one becomes the big and the big one little, yet that still shows that two equals seldom meet. We can hardly talk together five minutes on any subject touching life, without finding it full in our way to say something that may hurt and something that may help or please; and those whom all like

best largely win their love by this one secret,—uniformly they avoid the hurt and achieve the kindness, either being possible.

For instance, in company—Boys, dance with some of those girls who have been sitting on the sofa! Do it is a cup-offering of cold water,—for no more selfish reason. But then you do not know what grace it will give you in their eyes, and in the eyes of all who enjoy true gentle-manliness. I knew one rare in character and mind and popularity, who lingers

lished under the title of a "Nice Girl's Rules," rules made by a certain girl for herself when she went into company? They were five: "To give away more than I spend on myself. To do all I can for every one at home first, before I go to walk or to parties. At a ball to make one forlorn girl happy and introduce her to some pleasant gentleman,—and to do this at *every* party. To draw other people out, without trying to shine myself. As soon as I feel that I am talking or acting in such a way that I should hesitate from shame to *pray* at that moment, to leave the room."

Again; with the old, the conservative, the fixed, there is constant opportunity to render service by the mere tone of the voice and the deference of the address. Don't they know they are old? Don't they often feel the fact of their conservatism helplessly, and therefore far more painfully than any one with whom it chances to interfere? Don't they suspect over-well that life is on the wane, and that the yellow leaf shows in their talk as they know it is showing in their face? More than that of

any other class, perhaps, *their* appeal young, the strong, the capable, is for the courtly delicacy of attention which is not in any richness of the cup, but in that the cup is offered to the lips.

Be a knight, be a lady, of the New Chivalry. Our words mount high,—from courtliness to chivalry, from courtliness to chivalry. The essence of chivalry is *to look out for the weak ones*. We often talk of it as if it were a sentiment due peculiarly to women; and so that, should women enjoy political equality with men, chivalry would disappear. It would rather grow than disappear, even if that were all it meant,—reverence of man for woman, for it is a deepening reverence, deeper than the mediæval sentiment that underlies the modern movement in behalf of woman's rights,—and that which begins with a deepening feeling is not likely to end with an expression of the feeling. But chivalry is far more than reverence of man for woman. It means reverence of strength for weakness wherever found. Men often need n

it *from* a woman than they can possibly give to her. Chivalry is that in me to which every one whom I have power to injure can appeal in virtue of that fact with the unspoken plea, "You *must* use your power to bless!" Wherever a child can be helped, wherever a stranger can be guided, or a friend who is shy be set at ease, wherever a weak brother can be saved from falling and its shame, wherever an old man's step can be made easy, wherever a servant's position can be dignified in his eyes,—is the chance for chivalry to show itself. I do not recognize a different feeling in the one case from that which moves me in the other. The white-haired man, the tired errand-boy, the servant-girl with the heavy burden, make the same kind of demand upon me; and all of them make more demand than the lady whose very silk will make people enough look out for *her*. They all challenge my chivalry, that is, my sense, not of generosity, but of *obligation* to help, just because I can give the help and here is one who needs it. *Noblesse oblige!*

And because we already see the Kingdom

come in rare souls here and there, we may look forward to the time when chivalry shall have in common parlance this broadened meaning; when to the employé in the store, to the poor in the shanty, to the servant in the kitchen, one will feel more honour-bound to be thoughtfully attentive, so far as rights and feelings are concerned, than to any others in the circle of our friends. To be rough to social superiors may show something of the fool, but to be rough to inferiors certainly shows in us something of the savage and the brute. "Whoever gives these *little* ones the cup," we read. The littler the one, the more imperious will become the impulse to offer it, the more impossible it will be to be untender. Selfishness will have to be kept for equals, if for any. At present it is usually the other way. The lady often wears her patience with her ribbons in the parlour and her impatience with her apron in the basement; and at the house-door, in the shop and in the court-room, the poor man is apt to have the fact of poverty stamped into him. Those who to equals are urbane and to super-

right worshipful. And yet it takes so little to make us of humbler station or of humbler powers bless those who are above us,—so little to make those poorer than ourselves in any way bless us! Not money, not gifts, but the simple evidence of respect for the station and those in it, of fellow-sympathy in their wants and their anxieties, of appreciation of their difficulties—a pleasant, cheering, equalizing word—will be a very Jesus-cup of cold water to many a rough-faced man and slovenly dressed woman in the forlorn districts of our city. When happiness can be manufactured so cheaply and sells so high and is always wanted in the market, it seems a pity that of us more do not set up in the business. Listen to this story from Turgeneff's "Poems in Prose":

"I was walking in the street,—a beggar stopped me, a frail old man. His tearful eyes, blue lips, rough rags, disgusting sores—oh, how horribly poverty had disfigured the unhappy creature! He stretched out to me his red, swollen, filthy hand; he groaned and whimpered for alms. I felt in all my pockets. No

purse, watch or handkerchief did I find. I had left them all at home. The beggar waited, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly. Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it: 'Don't be vexed with me, brother! I have nothing with me, brother.' The beggar raised his blood-shot eyes to mine, his blue lips smiled, and he returned the pressure of my chilled fingers. "Never mind, brother," stammered he; "thank you for this,—this too was a gift, brother."—I felt that I, too, had received a gift from my brother."

Even our dumb animals appeal for "chivalry." They, too, are *persons*; they are "members" of our household. "Treat a cow as if she were a lady," is the inscription over the barn door of one of our great Wisconsin dairy-men. "*My dog*," "*my horse*," I say,—but that dog belongs first to himself before he belongs to me: even his body thus, and his soul is all his own. "Show me a bill of sale from the Almighty!" said the Vermont judge to the slave-hunter claiming his "property."

Our creature's due is something behind mercy—justice. It has *rights*. To become the "owner" of an animal is to enter into a contract with a fellow-creature, a very "little one,"—and at once the Golden Rule and the laws of ethics begin to apply. And surely the census of these "little ones" will soon include the birds. Millions of them have been slain each year of late simply to deck our sister's hat! But the mother-heart of England and America is at last beginning to remember that every soft breast, every shining wing, worn on a hat *means* that some mother or father-heart, a tiny heart, but capable of loving and toiling for its brood, has been pierced through just to set the decoration there. And this in the nineteenth century of the Christ-love! Will *you* not join that Total Abstinence society whose pledge for women is, "No mere *ornament* of mine shall cost a life"; whose pledge for men is, "No mere *sport* of mine shall cost a life, no death shall make my holiday"?

And now what shall we say of these cup-offerings in the *Home*? That they are of

more importance there for true house-furnishing than either money or good taste or both combined. What *are* they there at home? Pleasant Smiles; gentle Tones; cheery Greetings; Tempers sweet under a headache or a business-care or the children's noise; the ready bubbling-over of Thoughtfulness for one another,—and *habits* of smiling, greeting, forbearing, thinking, in these ways. It is

lessens and tenderness evaporates and talk grows masterful, as if he had more rights than his wife, then the heart is shallow and the character is thin. At home one should be his best, his most graceful, most entertaining, most agreeable,—and more so ten years after marriage than ten days after. The same, of course, with her. Yet strange to think how many persons save their indifference for this one place that should be all tenderness; how many take pains with their courtesy and geniality abroad, but at home glide into the habit of letting geniality be taken for granted instead of being granted. That tells in the course of years; for the cold moods, the silent ways, the seeming harmless banterings, are the ways and moods that increase with the years. By and by, when the children are growing up and growing away from us, and we are growing old and would like kind words and looks a little more ourselves, we shall wish for our own sake and for theirs that we had done differently.

Men often think, "They love us and we

know it; we love them and they know it." Nay, but it is *not* enough to have the love and do the duty *in silence*. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of those we love. Out of the mouth,—it is the *spoken* love that feeds. It is the kindness *offered* that furnishes the house. Even we men who push it coldly away want to have it offered somehow, sometimes, by the wife, the sister, the children; now and then they want it visible. The presence of those children in the rooms is a constant opportunity for the outspoken, not the silent sort, of love. Children bare of kisses seem cold as children bare of clothes. We have seen children who evidently did not know how to kiss their fathers,—they went about it, when they had to, so shyly and awkwardly,—and were forgetting how to kiss their mothers. And as for women, it is a woman who writes, and all who have a mother or a sister know how truly she writes,—“Men, you to whom a woman's heart is entrusted, can you heed this simple prayer, ‘Love me and *tell me so sometimes*’?”

seem cold as
we seen chil-
how to kiss
t, when they
,—and were
ers. And as
ites, and all
ow how truly
a woman's
this simple
metimes' ? "

husbands,—who go back to the st
club, the lodge room night after nig
scarcely see their children to get acc
with them save on a Sunday afternoon
and sometimes the loneliness of men
half-tragedies in homes we know, our
falls on at these words! Homes that
fresh and bright with love as ours, with
promise of joy, with as daring a trust
years would bring new sweetness ar
none away,—now, homes where the s

comes like the warm days in November. heart-numbness stays and grows like 1
The lonely ones can hardly tell you wh
selves; but you and I perhaps could t
why. One writes, "I have known a w
though she nursed his children, and t
of his household, and sat down with
three daily meals, was glad to learn
band's plans and purposes through
person, to whom he had spoken mo
about the things of deepest concern
could ever speak to her. The inex
pain caused by withheld confidence, t
sure and nightmare of a dumb, repres
soon did its work in changing her fi
buoyant youth to grey-haired, premat
Have you never seen a death, or a
wasting sickness, like that which Har
called "Found Frozen"?

"She died, as many travellers have di
O'ertaken on an Alpine road by nigh
Numbed and bewildered by the falli
Striving, in spite of failing pulse an
Which faltered and grew feeble at e

To toil up the icy steep and bear,
Patient and faithful to the last, the load
Which in the sunny morn seemed light.

And yet

'Twas in the place she called her home, she
died!

And they who loved her with the all of love
Their wintry natures had to give, stood by
And wept some tears, and wrote above her
grave

Some common record which they thought
was true:

But I who loved her first and last and best,—
I knew!"

Nor is it enough to have *moods* of affectionate expression. That would be like trusting for your water to an intermittent spring: the thirst will come when the water is not there. The *habit* of love-ways is the need. In many a home neuralgia or dyspepsia or the business worry makes the weather within as changeable as it is without in a New England spring: sometimes a morning greeting all around that seems like a chorus to one's prayer, and then

each with a sense that the
will be the time which brings them all o
more together,—sometimes so, and sometin
a depot-breakfast where no eye meets eye, a
you hear yourself eat, and the stillness
broken by dish-joggings and criticisms on w
is in the dishes, or what ought to be and is
and then a scurry off like boys from school.

How is it with *ourselves*? Each one
better ask himself the question in the q
now and then. Are our homes more te
than they were a year ago, or has love g
dimmer in them? Are we closer to
other's hearts, or more wrapt up in
ours? Do we spring more readily for
home names, or do t

chiefly owe your family, Father. It is not mended clothes, Mother. It is not errands done and lessons learnt, Children, that makes your part. It is the *way* in which the part, whatever it be, is done that *makes* the part. The time comes when we would almost give our right hand, could we recall some harsh word, some indifferent cutting manner, some needless selfish opposition. Happy we, if the one gone out from our homes into the unseen Home has left us no such ache to bring the bitter tears! "Too late—too late to love him as we might, *and let him know it!*" "Too late to let her know that *we* knew she was sweet!" Among all "might-have-beens" does the wide world hold another one so sad? There is only one way to make that sad thought die,—and that is to clear untenderness utterly from heart *and from the manner* towards the others who still make home "home" to us, to redouble thoughtfulness for them, and try to fill up the measure of the missed love there. When at last the tenderness of our bettered service is blossoming

evenly, unfailingly on the root of that old sad memory, perhaps we can feel self-forgiven and at peace.

One question more. Is it *easy*, after all, to offer simple cups of cold water? This analysis makes us feel that unadulterated cold water may be a rarer liquid than we thought; and that if one offers it to "little ones," offers it habitually, offers it when thirsty himself, and seeks for opportunities to offer it, the *spring* lies not on the surface but in the depths of character. More than most other signs such cup-offering tells of a nature sweet and sound at centre. It is comparatively easy under duty's lead to brace the will and go forward, dreading but unflinching, to some large self-sacrifice; but harder far through sickness as in health, through tire as well as rest, through the anxieties as through the quiet of life, to be *sure* to lift a mere cup of water to even a brother's lips. If you are sure to do this for *any* body as for a brother, you are glorious!

So hard sometimes are these small deeds

that there are cup-liftings of history and legend that have grown proverbial as types of self-forgetting. You remember the old Bible story about David's three heroes who brake the ranks of the Philistines to bring their thirsty king a cup of water, and what, when he had got the draught, he did with it to honour them and God; and that widow who gave the hungry prophet her last handful of meal—and there was famine in that land. You may have read of the Mohammedan who lived in a city built amid a wide hot plain, and who made a wayside booth a few miles out on the highway, and daily went to fill a vase of water there for fainting travellers as they approached,—and once it saved a life. And of Sir Philip Sydney all have heard,—how he, the wounded general, paused on the moment with hand half lifted to his lips and gave his draught away to the private, wounded worse,—the “little one.” Brother-souls to Sir Philip were the soldier in our own war, who, burning with thirst from a wound in the mouth, refused to touch the canteen lest the blood from his torn lips should

spoil the water for the wounded comrades lying near; and that French soldier who begged the surgeon to keep his ether bottle for men hurt worse than he, and stifled his own groan with his bloody handkerchief. Are such acts rare? No doubt: yet think not that they happen by the ones and twos. Probably no battlefield but in its red dew blossoms with these acts of brotherhood—of angelhood.

But when such things happen on any of the battlefields of life, believe not, either, that the deeds *begin* upon those battlefields, that they are the first heroism of their doers. Only souls wonted to sweetness and self-forgetting brim over with it at such hours. The little thing that makes a moment great is never all done *at* the moment. True—and what a prophecy it is for human nature!—true, an average man, in health, will sometimes on an instant rise to the death-height of self-forgetting; for a stranger's sake he leaps into the sea to save, he leaps before the rushing engine. But *in his agony* does a man reach even the *cup's* height for another, unless the years

behind have made him ready for his instant? Such little acts as Sydney's and our soldier's therefore live as the ideals of service, and set the standard of cup-bearing. They set the standard where Jesus would have set it ;—where He *did* set it when in His own agony He prayed, "Father, let this cup pass from me,—yet not my will but thine be done!" They uplift us to the understanding of His thought that whoso does these things to "little ones" does them unto God.

And then the great thought comes full circle : we see that we can only do a deed *to* God by doing that deed *for* Him,—only by offering ours as the hands with which it shall be done. Our human love for one another, and all our human help, is not less His for being ours. "God's tender mercy" is the name in heaven for what we call on earth—"a drink of water." Many dear things of providence He hands to His little ones *by each other*. Sometimes, how *can* He reach them else? And sometimes, whom can He use but you and me?

shaped tradition of some actual event lies hidden in it. Perhaps, like similar Scandinavian stories of the giants challenging the god Thor, it had a long pre-existent saga-life from mouth to mouth, before it reached a record. Its origin may have been an early bard's attempt to account for the people's name of Israel, "Prince with God," by fathering it on a brave deed of some ancestor. But whatever its source, to trace it we would have to leave the mental climate of to-day and, turning back, re-enter an atmosphere where the faith of the people crystallized itself in legends of the supernatural as naturally as the January mist deposits itself in snow-flakes.

Such legends rise in many ways. We find their relics strewing the beginnings of *all* literatures, embedded in *all* old faiths. And this Bible of ours would be the rock without the fossils, would be that Melian farm without the statue, if it did not hold these things. The trilobite is no sacred beetle to us; but I regard mine with some awe,—it is so much older than I! We do not worship the Venus;

but she is a joy for ever in America as in old Greece. Let us use old Bibles in the same way, bringing that kind of reverence, and none other, that each thing in them deserves from to-day. Let their beautiful things be beautiful, let their wicked things be wicked, let the curious things be curious, and the true things, the grand things, be true and grand. The book is but the rock or the farm; what lies in it gives the worth. And, as a whole, the worth of this our Bible is very great. Much besides the fossils and the fragments lies therein. Even they, when they no longer are believed as facts, serve still as poetry, supplying hints and emblems for the spiritual experience,—as with the very example cited, the wrestling that brought blessing. What exhales and vanishes as Scripture floats far and wide as hymn,—like that other Jacob story now sung in the “Nearer, my God, to Thee.” What falls from belief as story of Jacob or of Jesus, begins to fill a still higher, wider place to us as history of the human mind in some old attitude of worship.

The gist of our Jacob legend is simply this : Jacob wrestles through the lonely night with a strange, strong Power that maims him ; but instead of yielding, he clings and wrestles on, and *will not let go wrestling until he has extorted a blessing from his hurter*. And when, in turn, he asks the stranger's name, no name is given him ; but Jacob guesses it is his God, and calls that night's struggling-place, "God's Face." And he limps off in the morning lame in his thigh, but a crowned victor ; and for his prowess wins a new name "Israel," or "Prince with God."

Here we have something very fine,—a meaning universal, and fresh as yesterday's struggle with our own life's difficulty. The teaching is that Wrestling is the condition of Blessing,—that the long, determined clinch brings coronation, and makes a new man of us,—maimed, perhaps, but still a nobler and stronger man than before the struggle.

A most aged doctrine ? Yes : all the old religions ring with it. Most commonplace ? True : the elements of heroism are very com-

monplace. Those short two-worded sentences from Paul (2 Cor. vi. 4-10; iv. 8, 9, 16-18), that sound like leaping bugle-calls from one in the front, are just it—this aged doctrine about struggle. Half the chapters of Epictetus are battle-music on this one theme. But because each one has to find out for himself how true the doctrine is, and has to find it out a great many times before the faith becomes so much a part of him as it is good to have it, let us draw it out and say it over once again.

How do we treat our difficulties? That is the question that has no second. It stands all by itself in its importance. The answer to it gives our destiny. How do we treat our difficulties? Do we take their maiming only, or do we win their blessing too? The question that has no second.

Difficulties, not difficulty. They are many. and of different kinds, although their hurt in essence is the same, and their gift in essence is the same.

1. First of all rises up that difficulty known

A dull
an in your body,
our temperament, the bru-
lood that ought to have been tamed
grandfathers. We will not complain, but we
would not have made himself a little brighter,
had his opinion been asked at the right time?
How many of us, forty years old, but have
ached in the same spot where our mothers
ached, and because they did, have been able
from that ache to predict afar off which of the
wheels of life will perhaps stop first and stop
all the rest? And who can help sometimes
charging the hardness of his life struggle, or his
failure in the struggle, to those two persons in
the world whom he loves dearest?
We will not complain, I say; but it is getting
easier every day to complain weakly of this
arden and yield to it in miserable self-sur-
e, because we are just finding out, by the
and physiologists and
nature, how
to it

old dogma said that we inherited our sin, and that all our woe was brought into the world with that garden-sin in Eden; and this dogma was a dim hint of the great fact recognized by our evolution doctrine of to-day. But after all that gardener was so far away that we could not practically reach him to lay our personal responsibility off upon his shoulders. To-day we are learning to see right in our homes our Adam and our Eve, who have actually inlaid our body, mind, and tastes with their bequests! And as this knowledge grows, weak hearts are likely enough to abate their trying, because (they say to themselves) "*He and she* are to blame, not I." And one effect of our evolution theory may be to make more cowards and renegades in life.

Weak hearts and renegades, indeed! As if the knowledge did not teach this rather,—that if the responsibility be less, the *fate* is even stronger than we thought, and needs the stouter wrestle; and this, too, that if in one way the responsibility be less, it is greatening in two other ways. Knowing the tendencies

received from father and mother, we know the special dangers that are threatening in our natures, and therefore what we mainly have to guard against: and to-day we knowingly, no longer unknowingly, transmit our influence to our children, and men and women awake to suffering they inflict are doubly holden for it. This new emphasis upon inheritance, truly understood, is both comforting and spurring. Comforting, for to those who mourn over-much at what they see in their little ones, thinking it all their personal bequest, it says, "You are responsible only for the half or the quarter part of this; for the *whole ancestry* has been counted into you, and through you reaches yours." Comfort that, when, after all your trying, your boy turns out badly, or your daughter dies young after suffering six years. And the new knowledge spurs, because it says to parents, "For part of your children's birth-fate you *are* responsible, since by patient energy your dull brain can be a little quickened, your blood can purify itself, your body can make its weak places somewhat stronger,

and, above all, your unbalanced temperament can be controlled and trained and much ennobled; and if you make these self-improvements firmly yours, they may be largely handed on to *them*." That we are not fit to have our children, unless we have trained ourselves beforehand for their birth,—is what our evolution doctrine says to us; and thereby it will gradually become a great uplifting and salvation to the race.

The earnest wrestler, knowing this, will never wholly surrender to the poorness of his brain or his body or his temperament. Not to poorness of the *brain*: for that dull head that we inherit may go with days that shall leave us perfect in self-respect, although dull-headed. No sight is more impressive than that of humble self-respecting workers, boys or girls, or men or women, who, day in, day out, do their duty in the quiet stations where small talent hides them, representing the Moral Law Incarnate in their little corners. Not to the poorness of one's *body*: what sight more beautiful than the patience, the self-forgetful-

WRESTLING AND BLESSING.

the wide and eager pity for others' suffering, which suffering sometimes generates a life-long sufferer who bears her weakly, although in other ways her service may be the service of those who cannot even lift, but have to lie "and wait"? Who has not known or heard of some mighty man who found sphere and mission-field in a sick-bed?

Even to the pooriness of one's *temperament* will the earnest wrestler yield. There is no example in the world more touching and more noble than these last. It is that of a man wrestling hard with his inherited burden which takes the form of a Besetting Sin, and is very apt to be that brute in the family

But even if it be a devil of his own making, raising, we watch him, we cheer him, we encourage him, we know all about it, and that he is fighting nobly and helping us in *our* struggle; we sympathize with him if he falls; we reverence him as he wins. Let such a struggler know that we know he is the hardest fighter of us all, and if he wins, his besetting temptation

actually turns into his guardian angel, and blesses him through life. Our besetting sin may become our guardian angel,—let us dare to say it! Let us thank God that we can say it! This sin that has sent me weary-hearted to bed, and desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness, and the earth of spring-time, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness,—this blasting sin that has made my bed in hell for me so long—*this can be conquered*. I do not say annihilated, but, better than that, conquered, captured, and transfigured into a *friend*: so that [at last shall say, “My temptation has become my strength! for to the very fight with it I owe my force.” We can treat it as the old Romans treated the Barbarians on their frontiers,—turn the border-ruffians within ourselves into order-guards.

Am I speaking too confidently? But men have done this very thing, and why may not and I? Who has not his besetting sin to

certainly seem long. And yet, in our ~~own~~ the day may dawn before we think it, and we shall have won the benediction and earned the name of "Israel, Prince with God" and learned that even besetting temptations may be "God's Face," but that *wrestling* and *wrestling only*, is the condition of such blessing.

2. These are forms of that main difficulty called the "Inherited Burden." There are others close akin, called by the general name "*Hard Lot*." "*Hard Lot*,"—again the name is a challenge to our sleeping powers. The hard lot called Poverty, Ignorance, ~~and~~ waiting to

in us and slowly trained, and at last are left ours—our instruments by which to carve out life's success and happiness.

A boy in the town has no chance for education like the boys of richer fathers in the neighbourhood,—no college, no high school even; or the yearning for education has come after the school-days are over. Will that boy, like Theodore Parker, the farmer's son in Lexington, turn the pasture huckleberries into a Latin Dictionary? or like Chambers, the great Edinburgh publisher, will he learn his French and science in the lonely attic, after the fourteen hours' work at the shop are done? Will he, like Professor Tyndall, rise every morning, for fifteen years, and be at his books by five o'clock? A girl in the town seeks for a "one-thing-to-do" to save herself from a frittered life. Harder yet it is for her than for the boy, for social custom is against her. Will she be daring, and not only daring but persistent? The history of achievement is usually the history of self-made men and self-made women; and almost invariably it is the history

of *tasks*, if not imposed by the hard lot of circumstance, then self-imposed. The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. A woman like "George Eliot" laughs at the idea of writing her novels by inspiration. "Genius," President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, "is the power of making efforts."

A man sees some great wrong in the land. No money, no friends, little culture, are his. He hesitates, knowing not what to do; but the wrong is *there*, it burns in him till somehow he finds a voice to cry against it. At first only a faint sound heard by a few who ridicule and one or two who say Amen. And from that beginning, through the ridicule and violence, "in necessities and distresses, in labours and watchings and fastings," he goes on, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, as poor, yet making many rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things," till men are persuaded

and confounded, and the wrong is trampled down and the victory is his! Such things have been done within our knowledge. The two men who started the anti-slavery movement in this land were a deaf saddler and a journeyman printer, both of them poor in everything but dauntless purpose. At Philadelphia, a few years ago, a band of grey-headed men met to look back fifty years and talk over their morning battle-fields in that great cause accomplished. What a lesson of faith those Abolitionists have taught the nation,—faith that a relentless wrestler *can* win blessings from the Hard Lot and Untoward Circumstance!

3. A third well-known fighter waits in the dark to throw us: he bears the name *Our Failures*. How well we know him! What a prince of disheartenment he is! What arguments he has to prove to us that trying is no more of any use! He is our arch-devil. And he, too, and because arch-devil, will be our arch-angel, if we will have it so,—the

one who warns and guides and saves. Half, two-thirds, of our best experience in life is his gift.

Look along any path of life at the stateliest figures walking in it. They are, most of them, figures of men that have *failed more than once*. Yes, any path. "It is very well," said Fox, the great English orator, "very well for a young man to distinguish himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied. Show me a young man who has *not* succeeded at first, and *has yet gone on*, and I will back him." Every one has heard of Disraeli sitting down writhing under the shouts of laughter with which his dandy first speech was received in Parliament. "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last," he said; "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you *will hear me*." And it did come to even a dandy, who could "begin many times." When John Quincy Adams's Diary was published not very long ago, it was strange to find him, as a young man, lamenting his absolute inability to speak extempore. A

ineradicable difficulty, constitutional, he thinks,—and he died known as “the old man eloquent.” These happen, all of them, to be the words of orators; but success in all lines of life is reached, or not reached—is lost,—by exactly the same principle. Whatever the high aim be, “strait is the gate and narrow the way” which leads to success in it. The great chemist thanked God that he was *not* a skilful manipulator, because his failures had led him to his best discoveries. The famous sculptor, after finishing a great work, went about sad; “What is the matter?” asked his friend. “Because for once I have satisfied my ideal, and have nothing left to work towards.” He wanted to fail just a little! Said a successful architect of the young men in his office, who kept on copying his designs, “Why *do* they do the things they *can* do? why *don't* they do the things they *can't*?” Miss Alcott wrote and burnt, and burnt and wrote, until at last her “Little Men and Women” came out of the fire. By the failure in art, by the failure in science, by the failure in business, by the

ting and resetting all our history of providence; from a theory of mechanism in mind and morals, which seems at first glance to turn ourselves into physical automata and to dim all hope of a life beyond the body; from a vision of Law, Law, Law, till we see no room in the universe for a Lawgiver, no place in our experience for singing songs and looking gladly upward. And if, having felt these doubts, you
... with them, not bidding them go,
... to them,

what it is to pass from drifting doubts, not into certainties, but into Trust that has to be spelled with capitals if printed; Trust that can tell its meaning best, not by any explanation, but by cheer and serenity and a feeling as of awed triumph in life and death.

6. Once more. *Death*: have you ever wrestled with the death-sorrow till you know its inner sweetness? Sweetness greater than all, I would almost say. The loss *is* loss. We say, perhaps, "It is *their* gain," and wish to be willing; but we are not willing. Our hurt gets no relief. The days go by, and the emptiness is as empty, and the silence as silent, and the ache as relentless in its pain. What shall we do? Our friends look on, and wish that they could help us. And they know that help will come, because to their own wrestling it once came. They know that the heart of this pain is joy indeed. And if you ask how it came about in distress so very sore as yours, their differing words will probably amount to this: that such pain can be stilled in one way

an inward fact, whose chemistry they do pretend to understand, that helpfulness duty done at such a time deepen and sweeten into something within ourselves that also seems a new experience from its exceeding peace. It is not time making us "forget," nay, just the opposite: we know that some this new peace is vitally connected with pain; and at last we come to think of it and feel them together. Later, we begin to call it peace, and forget that it was pain. By and by the hour in memory which is the lingering-place for quiet, happy thought the very one which is lighted by a dead friend. It is our heaven-spot; and, like the

that each death-sorrow is unique. From a brother's or a father's loss one can but dimly understand, I suppose, a mother's feeling, when her child has vanished. Each death is so unique, because each life and love has been unique. No two deaths will bless us therefore just alike, and we can still name our new strength or our new trust from the separate love: it still is "Katie's" gift, or it is "Father's" gift. And thus the very highest and deepest and holiest of our experiences in some way wear the likeness of those friends that we have lost.

It is only another instance of the correlation of Pain with Gain—through struggle; the correlation of difficulty with exaltation—through wrestling; through the struggle, through the wrestle, through our will facing the hard thing, clinching it, never letting go, until we feel the gladness crowning us. We speak of the "ministry" of sin, of suffering, of disappointment, of sorrow, and speak truly; but none of these "minister," not one, until they have been mastered. First our mastery,

then their ministry. We say, "The Lord hath chastened us": yes, but by summoning us to a wrestle in which it is our part never to let go! It is not the mere difficulty that exalts. None of these six or seven things that I have spoken of, neither the Inheritance, nor the Temptation, nor the Hard Lot, nor the Failure, nor the Injury, nor the Doubt, nor the Death, suffices by itself to crown us. They may just as likely crush or warp or embitter us. They do crush very many; and if they do not crush or embitter you or me, it is because we have used our wills against them. They only give the opportunity, and we decide whether it be opportunity for bondage and maiming, or for the blessing and the new name "Israel." All depends on us.

On us,—but only, after all, as all things which we do depend on us. On us, because the Powers which are not ourselves work jointly with us. Not what we cannot do only,—as making roses, earthquakes, solar systems,—but all that we can do also,—breathing,

eating, thinking,—confesses that Power. And as in every heart-beat the universal forces of chemistry come into play, as in every footstep the universal force of gravitation lays hold of us to keep us poised, as in every common sight and sound the universal force of light and the universal laws of undulation are invoked, as in all ways physical we only live and move and have our being in virtue of that which is not we,—so it is with these still more secret, not less real, experiences. Surely, not less real are these inward correlations, this moral chemistry by which, at the working of a man's will, pain is changed into patience and pity and cheer, temptation into safeguard, bitter into sweet feelings, weakness into strength, and sorrow into happier peace at last. Are *these* facts one whit less real than the facts of the body's growth? A thousand hours of struggle in every year attest these facts for each one separately. Here also, as in the body's breathing and digestion, a Great Life joins on to our little life, maintaining it. It is we and the Not-We with us. Call it by

WRESTLING AND BLESSING.

that name we will, we depend, and can depend, on an Infinite Helpfulness in all our trying. The success we seek may fail for many reasons; but I feel sure that Eternal Powers adopt every right endeavour, or rather that every right endeavour plays into Eternal Powers of Right, and is thereby furthered toward that success which will really most bless you or me, the triers. If angels do not rejoice over us repenting and bear us up, as the Bible says, it is because the very Present Help that bears us up has a greater name than "angel," and is nearer than the heavens. *alone* does all depend,—because

I suspect that,



how truly the striving has crowned their brows. They themselves are not aware of coronation. They themselves only know that they have tried from day to day, and never seemed to do the day's whole duty, and that life has brought many hard problems,—but that now the problems are getting solved, and that it is quite possible to be happy, and yet have failed. They are humble usually, with an air of wistfulness in their eyes and in their talk, as of men who have been comforted by aspiration, not attainment. They have learned to hope that

“ All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
All I can never be,
All men ignore in me,—
This I am worth to God.”

They have learned to *hope* that. They have learned that they will never do great things. Still if any hard thing is to be done, specially any burden to be borne, you will find them already there at work when you have made up

your mind to go. They are great common-helpers. They think they know nothing, and truly they are not geniuses; yet bright people in straits have a habit of coming to them for advice. Not rich, yet men and women whose practical aid in trouble is counted on without the asking. They are rare friends, because their minds are so rich with life's experience, their hearts so sweet with it. They speak the fitting word to us in our self-building, because there was once a scaffolding, long since taken down, by which they built that some part of themselves, and they remember all about the difficulty. They are better than a poem by Browning, or even that letter of Paul or the chapter in Epictetus, because here we meet the hero-force itself in brave original.

I passed a woman in the street one day, and passed on, for she did not see me. But why not speak? I thought, so back I turned; and, besides the greeting, she dropped on me four sentences, such as we go to Emerson to read—made me for the time four thoughts richer in three minutes. They were life distilled in

words, her life distilled; though she told me then and there that she "died" long before,— she seemed to herself of late years to do and to be so little. Perhaps she *had* died, and I saw her immortality; for only the wings were wanting on the old shoulders. She had been a humble struggler; and as I saw her, she seemed to wear a crown and the name "Israel."

I will sum it up. Here is all my sermon, and in another woman's words. She calls her poem "Treasures."

Let me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish
And sad nights did Pain
Forge my shield *Endurance*,
Bright and free from stain.

- misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors, sough
Till my peerless jewel
Faith to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright crown of *Song*.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower
Patience on my breast.

116

WRESTLING AND BLESSING.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past
And I thank the givers
Whom I know at last.





1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8



11/1/11

11/1/11

11/1/11



1

1



$$f(x) = \frac{1}{2} \ln \left(\frac{1+x}{1-x} \right) = \frac{1}{2} \ln(1+x) - \frac{1}{2} \ln(1-x)$$







APR 24 1939



